



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS, 342 BROADWAY--TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. V.—NO. 16.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 224.

The Principles of Nature.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER OF L. MARIA CHILD'S "PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS."

"The word unto the Prophet spoken
Was writ on tablets yet unbroken;
The word, by seers or sybils told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
The heedless world hath never lost
One accent of the Holy Ghost."—R. W. Emerson.

In reviewing the contents of the preceding pages, every reflecting mind must be struck with the fact that "there have been but few voices in the world, and many echoes." How the same questionings, the same hopes, the same aspirations have continually reappeared, in expressions varied by the climates and the ages! The same gamut, with infinite modifications of mode and time! In all ages and countries, the great souls of humanity have stood on the mountain peaks, attentively watching the clouds below and the moonlight above, anxiously calling to each other: "Brethren, what of the night?" and to each and all an answer has returned, varying in distinctness: "Lo, the morning cometh."

If we could but look at the subject comprehensively, there is nothing in the history of man so interesting as the attempt to trace Infinite wisdom, making its way among the errors, the frailties, the passions, and the intense spiritual longings of finite souls. Everywhere the Divine Spirit takes form according to the capacity of reception. As this enlarges, old forms of thought and worship die, and the Spirit enters into new ones which the previous growth had prepared. Thus is the Word of God forever incarnated, and dwelleth among men. Therefore, the very nature of a written Revelation involves the necessity of ceasing to be adequate to the wants of society, sooner or later; for a Revelation must necessarily be adapted to the then present state of the public mind, and consequently be, in some degree, a measure of that mind. If it were entirely above the comprehension of the Epoch, it could not be a Revelation. When it has done its destined work, and helped onward to a higher plane of perception, the Soul begins to outgrow the Revelation and can no longer receive it as a sufficient standard. Declining faith in the external letter always produces a reaction. The reverential tendency of man strives to resuscitate decaying forms by the infusion of spiritual significance. Then come elaborate and far-fetched explanations and allegories, by means of which the new thought is found in the old words; all of which is a patching and stretching of the worn-out garment, to make it cover the increasing stature. This habit of conservatism is wisely impressed upon our nature, to prevent abrupt and dangerous changes. But when the new garment is entirely prepared, the old one *will* drop off; and the attempt to stretch it merely cracks it in pieces.

Such periods of the world's growth are always sad to souls which have devout feelings and a limited vision. They need to be reminded of what the Athenian philosopher said to his disciple: "He may bury my body, but let him not think he buries *Socrates*." No portion of truth ever did die, or ever can die. Its *Spirit* is eternal, though its *forms* are ever changing. We can not annul that law of our existence which forever makes the present a reproduction of all that was real in the past. Only inherited customs, in which men merely *seem* to believe, transmit no life. Every *genuine* belief helps to form future modes of thought, however absurd and fantastic the *form* of belief may appear to the future that looks back upon it.

Instead of considering our own religion the product of a gradual growth, to which the spiritual sunshine, air, and rain of previous centuries have contributed, it is the common tendency to speak of it as a gift suddenly dropt down from Heaven for a chosen few, and unlike anything the world had ever received. The beautiful night blooming Cereus, with a pure light radiating from its deep center, seems to have no relationship with the long dry stem and the little shaggy buds of tufted tow; but the regal loveliness of the blossom could never have been produced, had not the long stem and the uncouth bud, day after day, and month after month, conveyed it nourishment from all the surrounding atmosphere.

The same is true of the world's religious growth. Dreamy contemplations of devout mystics in the ancient forests of Hindostan; the vague sublimity of Egyptian thought, born of vast deserts, and the solemn dimness of subterranean temples; the radiant army of Spirits, which illuminated the soul of the Persian, when, with loving reverence, he kissed his hand to the stars; Hebrew proneness to the supernatural, combined with the practical wisdom and equalizing system of Moses; moonlighted glimpses of the Infinite, revealed to Plato; the Gospel of love and forgiveness preached by Jesus; all these are fused into our present modes of thought. We are told that wise men came from far countries, and offered jewels to the infant Christ. Figuratively, it might signify how all the nations added some gems to his crown of righteousness. Jews brought their fixed idea of the unity of God, their abhorrence of idolatry, their habitual thoughtfulness for the poor. Grecians imported their free spirit and intellectual culture to protect spiritual growth from a narrow and binding fanaticism. Romans brought their civil law to restrain the selfishness of Christian proselytes, and help their imperfect sense of justice. Teutonic tribes brought their reverence for "the form containing woman," to aid the fulfilment of the prophecy that there would be "neither male nor female in Christ Jesus." Those who laid down these offerings at the feet of Christ, did it in reverence of his divine doctrines of complete forgiveness of injuries, the universal brotherhood of man, and the all-pervading love of an ever-watchful Father.

It is undeniable that with the good and the true from the past, there also came into Christianity much that was evil and

false. But this is altogether inseparable from the imperfect condition of humanity. No man, not even the wisest, ever rises entirely above the opinions and customs of the age in which he lives. The views of *Socrates* were so far above those of the populace that they cost him his life; yet one of his last acts was to enjoin the sacrifice of a cock to *Aesculapius*. That Plato had very elevated views, is shown by his placing *Goodness* above *Wisdom*, and both above *Power*, in his attributes of the Deity; also by his habit of regarding everything earthly as of little value, in comparison with the immutable and eternal; yet even he would have had every one confined as a madman who refused to conform to the popular worship of the gods.

When a traveler is whirled along on a railroad, if he toss a ball into the air it returns again to his hand, though the cars have gone ahead of the place whence it was thrown, because it not only receives an upward tendency from the individual hand, but also a lateral impulse from the motion of the train. Spiritual laws are in correspondence with the natural. The highest aspirations of an individual are inevitably modified by the social atmosphere through which he is traveling, and the degree of impetus given to his thought is according to the progress of the age in which he is moving onward. If a Revelation were dropt down directly from Heaven, in all the languages of the world, at the end of a century it would be found to have produced quite different systems of thought and modes of action, because from every community it would *take* quite as much as it would *give*. This modifying power of external influences over the interior aspirations of the soul, constitutes one of the centripital forces, by which God regulates the spiritual condition of man.

If the apostles had reappeared in the sixth century, would they have recognized the then existing Christianity, or the doctrines they taught, and the worship they practised? Constantine's colossal statue of Apollo was a very appropriate representation of it. The body of a Grecian god, the head of the emperor, and rays of glory formed of nails said to be taken from the cross of Christ, was a true image of the Church at that period. Jewish converts had added to the teaching of Jesus their own traditions, many of them drawn from cabalistic sources; Grecian converts had breathed round it an atmosphere of Platonism; Gnostics mingled with it Persian and Buddhist theories, the tinge of which remained after Gnosticism itself had disappeared; and in them all was a pervading infusion of old Hindoo ideas, long ago transmitted through Egypt. * *

I confess that the most powerful external testimony to the superior excellence of Christ's teaching, seems to me to be found in the fact that good men, and great men, and reflecting men, were irresistibly attracted toward it, notwithstanding the corruptions that early gathered round it, and all that Christians themselves did to bring disgrace upon the name. The secret of this power lay within itself. Diluted as Christianity was, by conformity to existing institutions, and changed in its char-



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856.

To Our Friends at the West.

The Editor of this paper proposes to leave New York as early as the first of October, on a lecturing tour through several of the Western States, including Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois. The lectures will chiefly relate to the facts, laws and tendencies of Spiritual Intercommunion; the spiritual element in all Religions and in the noblest works of genius, ancient and modern; special attention being given to the present living inspiration, and the great Spiritual Reformation of our own time.

S. B. B. will also receive invitations to lecture on literary, philosophical and popular subjects, before Lyceums and scientific institutions. The friends of progress in the numerous cities and villages along the Hudson River, New York Central, Lake Shore or Great Western, and Michigan Central and Southern Railroads, who may desire his services in this capacity, are requested to communicate their wishes, by letter or otherwise, at their earliest convenience. This will be necessary, as we desire to prepare and publish a complete programme of our proposed labors before leaving home.

It will be perceived that this course will render it extremely inconvenient, if not altogether impossible, for the lecturer to accept invitations that may be tendered to him along the route; hence the obvious necessity of making previous arrangements. Address S. B. Brittan, at this office.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTLAND, ME., August 5, 1856.

DEAR READERS:

You will naturally conclude that I am traveling toward the source of light and heat; but this is not apparent to the senses of the traveler who meets a Nova Scotia fog in his way "down East." When the writer left Worcester last Friday afternoon, the atmosphere was clear and the temperature uncomfortably warm. I found it convenient to remain in Boston over night, and until noon the succeeding day; consequently did not reach this city until Saturday evening. When I arrived dense vapors veiled the town and all surrounding objects. (Here the careless reader is cautioned, especially, against the mistake of presuming that the aforesaid fog prevailed on account of our arrival. On the contrary, we learned that it had been in town several days.) A week has now elapsed since the Spirit of Salt Water, rising up out of the deep, spread his pinions and began to brood over land and sea. And yet he refuses to depart. The Spirit of the East Wind is with him. His breath is cold; it checks perspiration and makes me shiver. It condenses on the buildings and the trees, and all exposed surfaces are immediately wet. The grain may rust and be lost, but it is perhaps safe to infer that some things will be saved where everything is fairly salted. I have already been in the same pickle about four days. If I do not keep, it surely will not be for want of brine, but rather because salt is not adapted to my preservation.

State of Things in Portland.

On Sunday the writer delivered two lectures in Mechanics' Hall, which was crowded by intelligent and attentive listeners. From the commencement of the spiritual investigation in this city the subject has been represented by persons of education, whose moral and social standing in the community is such as to either silence opposers or to render their noisy declamation unavailing as a means of restraint over others. Spiritualism is not only strong and beautiful in itself, but it is rendered somewhat "respectable," in the common estimation, by the intelligence, morality, and dignity of the believers in this place; while the opposition is likely to die of a species of atrophy, brought on by being deprived of the peculiar kind of food which its constitution requires. If some professed Spiritualist in Portland would only get intoxicated, steal a horse, or set a barn on fire, it would afford the most signal relief to the enemies of Spiritualism, who might thus be favored with an opportunity to stigmatize the new faith. But the friends of the truth so demean themselves as to afford their most inveterate opposers but little consolation. The once common expectation that Spiritualists would disregard all municipal authority, and do many desperate things, is becoming circumscribed every

hour, as shadows diminish along the plain when the sun is approaching his meridian.

The Spirits and the Eastern Argus.

I am indebted to Mr. M. A. Blanchard, of this city, for an interesting spiritual fact which I will here record. Late on Friday evening last (Aug. 1st) Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. B.'s mother, and a lady visitor—a medium for Spirit manifestations—were quietly seated round a common center table, at the residence of Mr. B., when the table began to move—with and without contact—in answer to questions. Our friend inquired how many Spirits were present in the room? and the answer was, "five," being one more than there were persons present in the flesh. The colloquy continued: "Are you all special friends or relatives of the persons in this circle?" "No." Are you [the Spirit in communication] an entire stranger to all present?" "Yes." "Will you give your name?" "Yes." These answers were all given by movements of the table when no member of the circle was touching it. Mr. Blanchard then procured writing materials, and the Spirit through the medium soon wrote his name—"FRANCIS DOUGLAS." No member of the company had ever been acquainted with a person answering to that name. Mr. B. asked the Spirit how they were to identify him, and the Spirit answered the question in the following words, which were distinctly written by the hand of the medium: "I was publisher and proprietor of the *Eastern Argus* in 1820. I died in that year." On inquiry being made as to the mode of testing the correctness of these statements, it was written—in the manner already described—"Ask Eben Steel." Mr. Blanchard observed that, perhaps he might not recollect with certainty, never having been himself connected with the *Argus* nor with the Newspaper Press. Following this suggestion, the Spirit immediately wrote, "Ask Charles Holden." Further interrogatories were interrupted by a refusal on the part of the Spirit to write more at that time. The invisible intelligence thus terminated the interview by saying, in substance, that what had been communicated was intended as a test, and that when they had ascertained the correctness of the preceding statements, the Spirit would have more to say.

The next morning after the occurrence of the interview already described, Mr. Blanchard met Mr. Holden in the street, and inquired who was the publisher and proprietor of the *Eastern Argus* in 1820; to which the latter replied that there were two; and desired to know which one Mr. B. had in mind. Our friend thereupon signified that it made no difference; that he would like to obtain any reliable information respecting either. Mr. Holden then said, "Francis Douglas was publisher and proprietor of that paper in the early part of 1820, but he died by accident during that year." Mr. Blanchard inquired how he could answer so promptly and with so much precision respecting events which transpired so many years ago. Mr. Holden remarked that perhaps there was not another man in Portland who could have answered the question with equal certainty; many, he presumed, might be aware of the fact that Mr. Douglas was proprietor of the paper, and that he died about that time. "But," said he, "I have certain data to which I can recur; I entered that office as an apprentice in 1819, and I know that Mr. Douglas died the next year, for I lived in his family at the time."

It may be proper to add in this connection, that Mr. Holden was associated with the *Eastern Argus* for many years, in the several capacities of apprentice to the printing business, journeyman compositor, publisher and editor, and that he dissolved his connection with that journal, in the latter capacity, only about two years since. It is also worthy of remark, that Mr. Steel, to whom the Spirit at first referred, was subsequently consulted by Mr. Blanchard. His recollection was not so clear, but he confirmed the most essential features of the Spirit's statement, and said, that Mr. Douglas died suddenly, about the time mentioned in the communication, in consequence of an accidental injury, received while on an excursion among the Islands in Casco Bay.

Now, if Francis Douglas did not visit Mr. Blanchard's house on the evening of the first instant, and there make the communications herein recorded, pray who was the unseen visitor, or to what power in heaven or on earth shall we ascribe the facts?

The Angels called her home.

I have another spiritual fact which will interest the reader. Some time last Spring, Miss Anna Boyd, a beautiful young girl

belonging to one of the most distinguished families in Portland, was admonished that she was about to leave the sphere of mortal life. Her parents were preparing to send her away to school, when she one day told them that such preparations were unnecessary, as she should not live to complete her sixteenth year. She nevertheless appeared to be well and cheerful. Subsequently, she said to her mother, "I shall soon be very sick, but you need not be alarmed. They will think I am dead; they will say so; but I shall revive." She desired her mother to see that she was not hastily buried, and insisted that no one should be allowed to cut off her hair. Not long after she was seized with an alarming illness, which proved to be scarlet fever. Her constitution was unequal to the conflict, and she failed rapidly, until the vital functions were at length suspended. Respiration ceased, the heart was still, and she appeared to be dead. The attendants and her physician said she was dead. After twenty-four hours, during which vital motion was wholly interrupted, she revived and said, "Oh, don't call me back! I am so happy! Mother, don't you hear them sing!" Thus with the enrapturing scenes of the immortal world before her unclouded vision, and ravished with the sublime harmonies of angelic choirs, her pure Spirit—at the age of fifteen years and nine months—was gently separated from its mortal restraints, and serenely passed away.

S. B. B.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTLAND, August 7, 1856.

"What's the Use of Spiritualism?"

NOTWITHSTANDING we are constantly giving the widest publicity to facts illustrative of the vast importance of Spiritualism, and the practical utility of mediumship, I am almost daily confronted with the question at the head of this paragraph. There are so many skeptics who are either too indifferent to read, or too indolent to pursue the subject by an experimental process, that the live men on this subject have to perform the double task of learning the truth and teaching others at the same time. Spiritualists are often required to answer the questions of persons who have not the slightest wish to be informed. It is a disagreeable and a thankless labor. But it is our business to record the facts, and to explain their import; to assign valid reasons for entertaining self-evident propositions; to answer the most trivial and unreasonable objections, and to keep our temper on all occasions. All this we will continue to do, as far as we may be able, and leave others to determine whether they will, or will not, profit by our labors.

In a late Number of the *Boston Post* I find another practical answer to the oft-repeated question, "What is the use of Spiritualism?" Here is the answer, and if it chance to meet the eye of some caviling skeptic, may his wits be so sharpened that he can remember it over night.

PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISM.—There was a fire at 544 Washington-street, on Friday night, about twelve o'clock, which was extinguished by the watchman without giving a general alarm. It appears that a Spirit Medium, who resides in the building, was awakened from a sound slumber by "the influence;" and thinking it somewhat unusual, immediately arose, and on opening the door leading from her room, she discovered the entry filled with smoke, when she immediately gave the alarm. Another medium, who occupies rooms in the building, on her appearance there in the morning—not having heard a syllable about the fire—was influenced, and the following was written through her hand—"The fire in the basement of this building last evening was set by an incendiary, and I alarmed Mrs. B. Be watchful—there will be another attempt." This is a fact.

If after perusing the preceding paragraph, the reader should still be disposed to inquire, "What use is Spiritualism?" I would recommend him to call on the owner of the house at No. 544 Washington-street, or on the President or Secretary of the Company at whose office the premises were insured. It is quite evident that a good Spirit-medium may be of more consequence to a landlord than half a dozen drowsy watchmen. Moreover, the owners of real estate on Washington-street would perhaps do well to furnish those ladies—who were thus instrumental in saving their property—with commodious apartments, free of expense to the occupants.

This is not the first instance in which the stockholders in Insurance Companies have had their dividends secured by the vigilance of Spirit-watchmen; nor were the dwellers in that house the first to be saved by the guardianship of "angels" who watch over the slumbering world, and even keep their faithful vigils in the abodes of thousands who refuse to so much as recognize their presence.

More Fallen Angels.

Rev. John Holmes, who until recently was a preacher in the town of Eden, and last year one of the most active abolition, Morrill Know-Nothings in town, has abducted a young female of sixteen—the daughter of a lone widow—and fled to parts unknown, leaving a wife and two children in very destitute circumstances.

I am indebted to the Bangor Journal for the record of this painful illustration of clerical weakness and depravity. If one who has ever named the name of Spiritualism manifests the slightest tendency to Free Love, or infidelity in the marriage relation, it is trumpeted from one end of the continent to the other. Pious people hold up the example before the world as a significant practical commentary on the legitimate tendencies of the spiritual idea. Every secular journalist, who is not too scrupulous to get his daily bread by mercenary appeals to popular prejudice, straightway reads us a homily on the demoralizing influence of Spiritualism; and many there are who talk with as much zeal and apparent sincerity as honest men exhibit when they defend the truth. But where is the man among them all who will ever think of referring to the conduct of this clergyman to prove that popular orthodoxy corrupts the heart and the life, or that clerical honors lead down to perdition? Yet this man was doubtless indebted to his profession for his influence over his unsuspecting victim. This Reverend John Holmes, who fell from his "first estate," and was thus exiled from Eden, drew after him a fair angel from the heaven of her virgin purity, to share his infamy. But who questions the Divine origin or the heavenly tendency of the religion that John was commissioned to teach? No one, of course. It is never for a moment suspected that his fall occurred in consequence of any defect in his faith; but it was all owing to the weakness of the flesh and the wiles of the devil. The old theology is still presumed to be all right, and the priestly office, as now constituted and filled, is a sacred institution after all.

Uncertain Signs of Death.

In Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio, a few days ago, the funeral services were about being performed on the body of Daniel Stearns, Esq., who was supposed to have been dead three days when a slight warmth was perceptible in the body; restoratives were applied, and he is now recovering.

We clip this paragraph from one of our exchanges. Perhaps there never was a time in the history of the race when so many persons were subject to states of suspended animation, as at the present. Those who are susceptible to spiritual influence are extremely liable—especially when the vital forces and functions are deranged by disease or otherwise—to relapse into trances closely resembling the *post-mortem* state. Great caution is therefore necessary to prevent premature burials.

Illustrating the Water Cure.

For eight days the sun has not appeared to the citizens of Portland. The whole town is still in Neptune's great vapor bath, and all are extremely anxious to get out again. Will the Editor of the *Water Cure Journal* be pleased to explain the peculiar uses of this phase of the Hydropathic treatment. If our friend has never taken "a course" in this way, he will probably be far better qualified to form a conception of its benefits than even those who have. I have been taking the bath for the last five days, and have been growing no better all the while. The case is becoming desperate, and the writer must have such a speedy and perfect dispensation of water-logic as will cure his growing skepticism, or he will be compelled to renounce the system. The argument must be particularly strong when it is against the facts.

Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, and the son who accompanies them, left this city for Bath, yesterday morning. They will probably be at the Glen House, near Mount Washington, on Saturday or Monday. The writer has received and accepted an invitation to deliver three lectures in Brunswick—the seat of Bowdoin College—on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings next ensuing, and will accordingly leave for that place to-morrow. S. B. B.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.—The *auxiliary literature* of the TELEGRAPH regrets that Mr. Partridge's lengthy article did not arrive in time for insertion this week. A third article also was received from Mr. Brittan, which it was found impracticable to insert. They will both be given in our next. The crowded state of our columns also excludes several matters of variety which we intended to give this week.

It will be perceived by an item in our PERSONAL AND SOCIAL NOTICES, that Mr. J. B. Conklin has returned to the city, and is prepared to give test communications at his rooms.

EVENTS AT BORDENTOWN, N. J.

ANTI-SPIRITUALIST MALEVOLENCE—MISREPRESENTATIONS CORRECTED.

In Albany, N. Y., on the evening of Thursday, July 31st, GEORGE B. RAYMOND, son of Captain George B. Raymond, of Bordentown, N. J., passed into the spiritual world, aged nearly 18 years.

Four months previous to this young man's decease, Mrs. R., a relative of the family residing in New London, Conn., and who is a medium, was influenced to write a communication in which his approaching death was distinctly announced, though she at the time had not had the slightest intimation that his health was in any way impaired. Months previous to his physical dissolution George himself was impressed that his stay in this world would be short. He however contemplated his approaching change with calmness, and with a full assurance of a happy hereafter.

With a view to arrest, if possible, the progress of his disease, his parents accompanied him to the western part of the State of New York; but the medical treatment to which he was there subjected failing to accomplish the desired result, his parents started with him for home. When within half an hour's ride of Albany they perceived that George was growing weaker, and were impressed to stop with him in Albany during the night. They accordingly took lodgings at Congress Hall, and the young man immediately retired to bed, feeling that the time of his exit from earth had arrived. Five minutes before his spirit took its flight, he rose in his bed, and quietly changed his under-garments as if in anticipation of the event that was about to take place. Anon he called his mother, pointed her upward with a heavenly smile as though he beheld some beatific vision, and then calmly composed himself upon his pillow, and his Spirit winged its way to the unseen realms, casting no "longing, lingering look behind," except what related to his beloved parents, and to one who was dearer to him than life. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the proprietors of the Hotel, manifested the tenderest sympathy with their bereaved stranger-guests, and for which the latter desire me to express their unfeigned thanks.

The earthly remains of George were conveyed to the residence of his parents at Bordentown, and the funeral was attended by the writer of this, on Sunday, August 3d. Captain R. being a distinguished citizen of the place, and having an extensive circle of acquaintances, a large concourse of people were drawn together to condole with the family, some even coming from Trenton and Princeton; and the writer addressed them for nearly an hour on the nature and uses of life, the nature and offices of death, and the evidences of an invisible and immortal world, and its intercommunication with this world.

In the evening, after the obsequies were over, the family and a few visiting friends, including the writer, drew around a table, and the Spirit of the young man made itself distinctly felt by several—joyous and peaceful in the delights of its new home. His principal object seemed to be to dispel all grief from the minds of those who mourned his departure; and through the pervading influence of his happy sphere, smiles of peace were made to rest upon the previously sorrowful countenances of his parents and sisters, and of a nearer relative who was present, whose hearts were now moved with calm and cheerful gratitude that their lost one had been so soon restored to them. The gloom of the grave was effectually dispelled, and death was swallowed up in the victories of all-conquering life.

Would that we could terminate our chapter here, but we are forced to add a darker page. This we give in the form of the following communication which we published in the *New York Times* of last Monday, as a correction of false representations set afloat through the public press, unquestionably by some bigoted and unprincipled opposer of Spiritualism:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK DAILY TIMES:

Dear Sir—It is with unfeigned regret that I find in your paper of Saturday last, an article purporting to be copied from the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, which is as untrue in its representation of facts as it must be lacerating to the feelings of the highly respectable parties whom it involves, and who were already sufficiently tried by an afflictive stroke of Providence. The article represents that on Sunday, 3d instant, a marriage took place in Bordentown, N. J., between a young lady and "the corpse" of a young man to whom she had been previously engaged; that the marriage took place by "the spiritual ceremony," which was performed through a boy who acted as medium; that at the funeral which subsequently took place "the young lady acted like one really possessed with an evil spirit;" that "she raved and flung herself into the grave, and was with great difficulty borne from the spot to the residence of the madman whom she regards as her father-in-law; that

"since the funeral, at meals, a plate and cup, and a portion of all the condiments of the table, are set apart for the dead man, whose empty chair these victims of demonism suppose to be tenanted by his spiritual body;" and in view of these alleged facts, the writer gives vent to a doleful jeremiad respecting the "human madness and hallucination" of this nineteenth century, which he characterizes as equally horrible with the "middle African Fetish worship, the darkest pollutions of Oriental Devil worship, the gloomiest delusions of the middle ages, or the blackest Paganism of any age or country."

I am disposed to place the most charitable construction upon the motives of the Editor of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer* in giving publicity to these statements, and to believe that he acted honestly, though incautiously, on the basis of the representation he received concerning the matters involved. The ultimate responsibility, I am inclined to think, must rest upon some prejudiced informer, whose zeal in opposition to the awful "heresy" of Spiritualism for the time being, altogether transcended his love of justice and truth. And, without consulting the family or other parties whose afflictions have been dragged before the public in this cruel, not to say brutal manner, I deem it but just, on the basis of my own personal knowledge, to submit the following statements:

In the first place, then, the statement that the young lady was married, or intended to be married, "to the corpse" of the young man, is emphatically false, whether knowingly so to the *Inquirer's* informant or not. In the "ceremony" which did take place such an intention was *expressly and distinctly disavowed*. The essential part of the "ceremony" consisted simply in presenting to the young lady, with appropriate remarks, a package of letters and other writings which the young man had composed and addressed to her before his death—documents which bore the unfading impress of his love and wisdom, and through which he still spoke to her. This was adopted as an appropriate method by which she might express a love for the departed one which was stronger than death, and enshrine in significant external symbols that soul union which she felt already subsisted between them, and which, indeed, the young man, before (not after) his death, had requested should be externally represented in some suitable way. Before this "ceremony" was performed, the one who was requested to officiate reflected that it would be exceedingly chaste and beautiful; that it would be entirely unobjectionable as an innocent expression of a devotion which angels might admire, and that, not falling within the conditions of what the world and the world's laws regard as marriage, or being in any way an infringement of either human or divine laws, it would leave the young lady entirely unembarrassed, either temporally or spiritually, in respect to any connections which she might be disposed to form in future; and it is now discovered to have the additional recommendation of being *nobody's business outside of the circle of the young lady's immediate connections and friends*. "The very head and front" of the "horridly unnatural circumstances" "hath this extent; no more."

The statement that the "ceremony was performed through a boy, who acted as medium," may be characterized as falsehood Number 2. What ceremony there was performed was performed by your humble correspondent, in the full possession of his normal senses, and who has passed the period of boyhood by more than twenty years. The funeral services were also performed by myself.

The statement that "the young lady acted at the grave like one really possessed of an evil spirit;" that "she raved and flung herself into the grave and was with difficulty borne from the spot," etc., is falsehood Number 3, and is the most cruel in the whole category of misrepresentations. I was standing within four feet of her at the time, and testify that she did not "rave;" that she did not "fling herself into the grave," and that she did not act unnaturally or unbecomingly in any respect whatsoever. The most that can be said is that she gave expression to the grief of her bereaved heart in audible, though not very loud, sobs, and showed symptoms of fainting, but walked to the carriage, leaning on the arms of two of her friends.

The "madman"—the father of her intended husband—is one of the most respectable and influential citizens of Bordentown, and who, as I was informed by one of his neighbors, was not long since honored by his fellow-citizens by an election to the highest municipal office in their gift, which office, however, he subsequently resigned. The large concourse of people was not "drawn to the spot by a morbid curiosity," as the *Inquirer's* article represents, but by respect to the family, and for the deceased young man, who, I am told, was universally beloved by his numerous associates and acquaintances.

As to the statement that "since the funeral, at meals, a plate and cup, and a portion of all the condiments of the table were set apart for the dead man," etc., I have only to say, that during the Sunday of the funeral, and on the next morning, when I left, I took four meals with the family, and saw nothing which in the remotest degree would give countenance to this assertion; and I have other reasons to believe that this may pass for falsehood Number 4. If, however, the family have since adopted (as I almost know they have not) this mode of perpetuating the memory of the lately-deceased, or expressing a sense of the spiritual presence of their son, they do not lack precedents in the examples of more "orthodox" Christians, among which might be cited the example of the pious and intelligent widow of a well-known and universally-beloved Methodist clergyman, and who, as I am reliably informed, for years after the death of her husband, reserved his plate, cup and empty chair at meals. I am not, however, informed that this "madness and hallucination" on her part, sunk her, in the estimation of her friends, to the level of the "African Fetish worshiper," or the "Oriental devil worshiper."

Yours truly,

WM. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Original Communications.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK.

DEAR MR. TELEGRAPH:

I have just returned from a journey—a journey of two weeks. But what is the use of going anywhere without the “inalienable right” to tell all the world and his better-half, that you have been? In these days the traveler must include the author, or he might better confine his migrations between the comfortable limits of “the blue bed and the brown.” If Snooks will travel, let Snooks write. The world has its eye on Snooks; Snooks owes the world a duty, which is, to write. Let him fulfill his mission then, in God's name say I, and let me follow at a respectful distance in his illustrious footsteps.

On the 19th of July, (year of grace, 1856,) I began a journey over the Erie Railroad, to that delightful little village known very well to those who live therein, and also to a few outsiders, as Sugar Grove, Warren county, Pa. But first let me begin the story, as the major proposition, and then the journey. Telling the story of a journey is like performing it in an “Express, accommodation, way, mail train;” four stops are more numerous than your movements. You whirl and whirl through the dust and deep cuts for fifteen minutes like an insane comet behind its time, and then stop twenty-five to “rest,” and give the exhausted conductor and his aids time to take a “smile.” So, to maintain the “science of the doctrine of correspondence” my paper exploit must be its exact counterpart, and get on very fast by standing still a great deal, and actually proceed some distance in the undertaking before I begin it. But wait till my carpet bag is packed, and then see if I don't make up for lost time.

As a necessary precaution, and adjunct to the comfort of a clean shirt, I took with me a *legal opinion*, borrowed on trust from a friend learned in the law, as to whether, in my projected journey, I should be likely to proceed under the general rules and statutes for travelers, made and provided, by the joint efforts of Providence and railroad superintendents, or under their *exceptions*? My friend remarked, that as it was “vacation” with the legal fraternity, he would not take it upon his modest self to pronounce an opinion *absolute*, on so grave a matter; but, as the dog-star would be in the ascendant, he rather opined (with a groan) that I should travel under the sublime code of exceptions. My friend was right—I did.

It is a nice thing to get up at four o'clock in the morning, dress yourself and eat a hearty breakfast at five, that you do not want, by way of provision for one at eight, which you suppose you can not get. It is a nice thing, when you are a little late, to stand at the corner of Bowers and Broome street, and see four cars in orderly rotation go up town and none come down. You enter into a solemn colloquy with yourself—at least I did, as to whether the additional ninety-five cents required by the livery-stable man, over and above the odd five demanded by the car-conductor, would not have been well laid out by way of lubricator to the running gear of your patience. By the time you settle it that the hack-driver has a clear and triumphant majority, the car looms up on the edge of the distant horizon, with a prospect of ultimate approach. Here, by way of beginning, I took my first benefit of the law of exceptions. As a general thing, as many cars come down town as go up. On that particular morning, several exceptions went down long before any car appeared. Then again, the rule is, an early car is not packed—mine was. Everybody had a special mission down-town that morning, to the fulfillment of which that particular car was indispensable. However, I made out to secure a safe place for my baggage on the stem of the car-brake, and a very insecure roost for myself on the lower step of the aforesaid. But there was room enough for an ejaculation that my carpet-bag was “all right,” whatever might befall its owner, and also for the reflection that it is a matter of common observation, as a trait which traveling invariably develops in the human soul, that in cases of imminent peril to life and limb, the happy biped that can secure his old carpet-bag and its dirty contents, considers the country safe. I remember once seeing one of our fellow-mortals, pending the doubt and alarm of a night accident on the Hudson River, seize his carpet-bag with a look of victory, and with that and four tin life-preservers under his arms, promenade the upper saloon of a steamer for two mortal hours after all danger had passed away and the vessel was riding quietly at anchor. The third Richard, once upon a time, before railroads were invented, is said to have offered to swap his kingdom for a horse; a poor sacrifice, compared with what any modern Richard or Robert, (in the capacity of travelers, which makes all the difference in the world,) would make, to save that inestimable institution, which enfolds his foregone or anticipated change of apparel. The patriot, on the authority of the poet, “strikes for God and his native land;” the traveler, in times of peril, goes in wholly for his carpet-bag.

It is a good thing too, after you have taken out your five cents worth of locomotion behind a pair of bawky mules, to try a pedestrian movement down Cortlandt-street, at the head of a procession of little ragged urchins, all intent upon acquiring an honest penny by transporting your precious property whithersoever you list. The “grand army” is decidedly imposing as to numbers, though its material be diminutive in stature. One half the cavalcade is literally “light infantry.” It might comfortably bivouac in your pocket without any decided inconvenience except from the dirt, which is its brigade uniform. But, “the combat thickens! on ye brave!” and generally, by the time you reach the narrow defile of Greenwich-street, victory and your luggage sit *vis-a-vis* upon the shoulders of all conquering raggedness, for whose special behoof and eternal preservation, “cities were built” and “society was made.” You bid adieu to the “grand army,” upon whose victories a thousand

church spires look down, and at the “Rubicon,” (vulgarly styled a ferry,) where without three cents they can not pass, you exchange your copper and other *bad cents*, which, by gracious permission of Mayor Wood and the Democracy, circulate freely in the city, for the privilege of a short sniff of the sweetened air of *Harsimus*, which the locomotive that you soon find yourself seated behind, is benevolently disposed to drag you away from as soon as possible, in order to introduce you to the mountain air and good breakfast which await you at a rocky gorge, known to the initiated by the name of “Suffrins”—though I am not certain whether they know it by my orthography. Be that as it may, “my sufferings were not intolerable,” stomachward; thanks to the great law of exceptions. The breakfast I did not want was decidedly in the way of the one I could not eat; so, my friend “Suffrins” suffered a diminution of three York shillings in the amount of his gross receipts, that day, unless an action will lie against the president, directors and company, of exceptions. It was a great comfort though, to see other people who, elected to travel under the rule, enjoy it; and when all was over, and the last earthly morsel disposed of, to tear along and “devour the way,” with even greater rapidity than they devoured the breakfast, was bliss indeed. Through the land of Goshen, flowing with cheese and bread and butter; and through the village too—through mountain fastnesses and primal forests—on the brow of precipices and banks of streams—on, and on, through ever varying wildness, by rock and stream and wood, where nature would seem to have retired in the firm conviction that she had one spot on the broad earth sacred from the invasion of man—where the song of her birds and the roar of her beasts, where the flight of her eagles and the spring of her panthers should hold lordly dominion forever.

Sweeping like a meteor through this sublime array of chaotic forces, to hear a little fellow with a package of “yellow cover” under his arm, say, with perfect sangfroid—“In fifteen minutes more we shall be in the valley of the Susquehanna!” Just as if to be there in fifteen minutes was the merest trifle in the world—nothing—just nothing! What an unsophisticated compliment to the genius of man, was that! Ages had rolled away—millions on millions of children had lived and died—aye, and gray-haired men and grave philosophers, to whom the fulfillment of such an utterance would have been a miracle. To him it was a thing of every day—“In fifteen minutes we will be in the valley of the Susquehanna—here's ‘The Bloody Pirate of the Roaring Gulf’—buy a Harper for August!” Think of that, ye infidels, who have lost your faith in man, and deny his power to be a god on earth; hear that little yearling germ of infinitude utter thus unconsciously his contempt for the impossible, and renew your faith.

A genius too, was that youth in his way. Mammon presided over one eye, and Momus over the other. I sacrificed to the latter god to escape the fury of the former. I have invested in a “Harper for August,” submitting with pious resignation to a moderate advance of ten cents on the book-store price. So, finding me an easy customer, he urged with great eloquence the propriety and profit of my investing fifty cents in a chart of the route, the one crowning recommendation of which was, that the *Harpers* had published it. After some badinage, I thought I would change the character of the ruling god for a time at least. Taking the hint from the religious predilections of the house, whose great name was the boy's grand argument, I said I would buy his book on one condition—Mammon's throne at once grew bright, the sale was as good as made, and the fifty cents in his pocket. I said I expected, on my route, to address a portion of my fellow-creatures on a religious subject, and if the good *Harpers* have appended to their many interesting items of information, a form for conducting a *Methodist prayer-meeting in the country*, I would buy the book. Mammon was dethroned, literally, in the twinkling of an eye. The idea of his peddling any such information as that, put Momus on his legs instantaneously. That boy was mine all through the valley of the Susquehanna, and beyond.

One thing strikes the inexperienced traveler as rather odd. In the midst of woods without end seemingly, he finds no trees—where they ought to be. Raw little villages, baking in the sun like so many dirt pies, without a tree to break the force of a single ray, greet him every hour or so with their appearance of hot discomfort, and make him sweat for very sympathy. Houses that have grown gray in the sun stand by the side of barns bursting with fatness, indicating a want of thought rather than a want of means as the cause of this want of comfort, as well as the lack of gratification to good taste, which man may get from a tree. In one instance the village fathers took it in hand, and by proclamation declared an abatement of fifty cents from the current tax-roll for every tree planted according to prescribed conditions. That village is well shaded.

But we must get out of the woods now, for we shall soon be in “Deposit”—a great village so called, it may be, because you deposit fifty cents with the landlord and get in exchange a very good dinner. A capital thing is a good dinner, at 1 o'clock, p.m., if you happened to breakfast that day at 5 A.M., and there are more senses which may be gratified while partaking of it than those which relate immediately to the stomach that receives it. An important old gentleman nearly opposite, whose hair was as white as a yearling gander, and his face the color and shape of a knobby tomato, was stuffing himself brim full of fat beef and flattery—distending his organ of vanity and his organ of digestion simultaneously. At the same time, my organ of mirthfulness grew quite rotund. Turning to a pompous little personage with a business twinkle in the left hand corner of his right eye, he compelled the total suspension of business, by asking, with solemn accent, whether the President of the Big Dry Pond Manufacturing Company had so far recovered his senses as to enable him to regret his refusal of a splendid offer he had made the company, a little over six years ago? To this he of the twinkle responded satisfactorily; whereupon our friend with the to-

mato visage, by way of promoting the digestion of our veal pot pie, was good enough to observe oracularly, that there was not only “a tide in the affairs of men,” (which was not entirely original,) but a time in the affairs of him, when his offers must be “taken,” or not at all. Having discharged this thunderbolt with satisfactory execution, he applied himself to the roast beef with great devotion for two minutes and a quarter and then held up out of respect to the landlady who at this juncture propounded a question relating mainly to pantry. “They had raspberry tarts, currant tarts, gooseberry tarts, custard pie and pickles. What would he have?”

Not being able to decide for himself, he took an appeal to his business friend who also seemed doubtful as to which would be the most profitable investment; and so on consultation, they referred the whole question to the landlady as of competent jurisdiction, who at once suggested custard pie. The pie was produced, but not appreciated. It was flat—on the honor of a traveller, unequivocally flat. A piece of white beeswax that had seen service looked better; and a piece of stale “pot cheese,” on the authority of those who have eaten it—for I never could get it down, tasted better. Drawing my toothpick, and the moral, that the climate and soil in and about “Deposit” were not favorable to the development of custard pie, I took my seat once more with the multitude, intent on farther progress. By the time the locomotive had done its unearthly yell, and had simmered down into a systematic snort, a venerable personage, dressed so as to resemble a mag-moth goose-egg, was good enough to let me into the secret, that he was going to vote for *Jessie Buchanan*, and if the potato crop was lucky, he rather thought Daniel S. Dickinson would do the same.” Fatigued with the ponderous effort of this remark, he immediately sank into that calm repose which, with all well-regulated stomachs, follows the faithful discharge of religious duty, and took thirty miles of unbroken slumber as an appropriate reward, which was justly his due. He may be sleeping yet, for aught I know, though I rather think he must have hatched out in the fifth degree of the third circle of one of Mr. Merriam's “heated terms” with which Sol has been graciously pleased recently to compliment our little dirty planet.

Before 3 o'clock p.m. I arrived in Binghamton, where I met Mr. Newell, who took me to the house of Mr. Thomas R. Elsey, which was to be my head-quarters during my brief stay in that beautiful village. My business there was to lecture. They have a nucleus of Spiritualism there, in growing condition—a power that will be felt more and more. I have no right to drag the names of private gentlemen before the public without their consent; but this I can say, that *worth*, and *wealth* and *talent* are ably represented by Spiritualists in Binghamton.

I dined on Sunday with a gentleman living a little out of the village, in the beautiful Chenango Valley. Entering his sitting-room, I observed a county diploma—Onondaga county, I think—for the second best cultivated farm, and on the opposite side a Methodist diploma, setting forth how he and his wife were everlasting life members of a patent-right machine for getting King James' Bible to a set of amphibious bipeds who never will comprehend it, even by mistake.

Turning to the gentleman, I said, abruptly, as I am too prone to do, “My friend, how came you to be a Spiritualist?” He replied, “You ask the question, I suppose, seeing that missionary dodge hanging on my wall. Well, my wife and I did train in that company for many years. When we removed from Onondaga to this county we brought letters from the church there to this place. They lie in my desk now. I have never presented them to the church here, and probably never shall; and now I will tell you what made me a Spiritualist. We have no children. I have a sister living at the East, and on my return from a visit there, a few years ago, I brought with me her little son, my nephew. He staid with me about two years and went to school. One afternoon, after his return from school, he came into the room where a neighbor and myself, with some of the members of my family, were sitting, and said, “*I am a medium!*” He had been with some of his little playfellows to their homes, and they said he was a medium. I looked, said the gentleman, at the little fellow rather askance, and he soon shot out of the room and was engrossed in his play. But he had turned completely the current of thought in the house. The newspapers had brought vague reports of the fanatics and their Spirits. Some men whose judgment was known to be very good as to the *value of stock*, and whose word would be taken quick enough for a *thousand pounds*, had professed their belief in it; so they would have the boy in, just to gratify curiosity. The little fellow said he was a writing medium, and forthwith began to “manifest.” He was a gentle, truthful boy, and declared he did not do it himself; but that was no proof. I remarked to him: “If, as you say, the Spirits do it, I do not see why they can not write without using your fingers as well as with.” The boy said he did not know anything about that, and I said, “Let us see.” So, laying the boy's hand flat upon a sheet of paper, I dipped a pen in the ink, and laid it down upon the paper with the stem resting upon the boy's spread out hand. While we were all looking at it, we soon observed it move, and begin to write. Slowly, in what is called cursive-hand at school, and with awkwardly formed letters, a man's name was written in broad day light by that pen, all the visible agency of the boy in the transaction being his consent to let the wooden stem of the pen rest upon the back of his extended hand! “That,” said my friend, in concluding the story, “made me a Spiritualist.” Thus, in pleasant talk, in earnest appeals and interesting statements of spiritual facts and experience, passed the hours with my friends, who were not strangers though never seen before, in Binghamton. Over their warm hearts and glad faces there is one event common to all men, which has forever lost its power to cast a shadow. They have conquered it, because they have seen beyond it, and through it. One good soul, a Spiritualist, whose name would be recognized in a moment, should I breathe it

here in New York, amused me not a little. He was rusticated in Binghampton, and pursuing his great mission, which, as near as I could learn from him, was mainly to "look after the phases of Spiritualism." At the conclusion of my Sunday evening lecture, I chanced to hear a lady remark to him: "That was quite an interesting lecture," or something equivalent, to which he replied, in substance, "Yes, the Doctor fiddles on that string very well. I was anxious the friends here should see as many of the 'phases' as possible, and the Doctor represents one of them quite respectably." Spiritualism, in the judgment of him of the "phases," seemed to be a kind of nine-cornered thing, and the particular "phase" he was after, everlastingly "round the corner."

But I must "shut off" and "apply the breaks." It is time we were all in bed. I shall take an early start in the morning, and those who would like to travel with me farther West, can supply themselves with tickets at the office of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, which, I think, will be good all next week. If not their money will be refunded, and they may all stay at home and be—happy!

MRS. WALDO'S SPIRITUALISM.

FULTON, July 29, 1856.

BR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—Corroborative of the justness of your remarks in the last TELEGRAPH, upon the lofty intellect, the intuitive philosophical and spiritual principles of our gifted sister, Mrs. E. R. B. Waldo, whose "mortal phase of human life" has lately terminated, I send you for publication extracts from a very interesting letter I had the pleasure of receiving from her in 1851. Her sentiments upon the all important subject of spiritual intercourse, so beautifully and philosophically expressed, are too good to be lost, and will, I doubt not, afford you and your readers as much interest and pleasure as they have conferred upon me.

An able article from her pen was published in the *Christian Ambassador*, in the spring of 1851, in which the spiritual theory was advocated in her own cogent and eloquent style. I was, at that time, earnestly and anxiously investigating the all-important subject, and seeking information from every source whence I thought it could be derived. After perusing "A glance at the age," I wrote to Mrs. W. beseeching her to tell me upon what evidence she founded her sublime faith, and to impart to me if possible, some of the knowledge she had received, that "love to love can answer o'er the grave." This letter is her answer, and will abundantly prove that she did, indeed, "entertain the spiritual idea."

I have still another reason for wishing publicity of this epistle, which I so much prize. It will assist in demonstrating a beautiful truth, upon which my mind has long dwelt with intense interest. There are many—many "gems of purest ray serene," invaluable treasures, richer and brighter far than one to be found in the "dark, unfathomed caves of ocean," and which the world knows not of. They are to be found in the out-gushings of immortal mind, in confidential, private correspondence. Resplendent gems of human, undying affection, exalted piety and devotion, and greater exhibitions of lofty intellect, than can be found in all the published books of which earth can boast; for in those unassuming manuscripts nothing is uttered but truth and feeling. Thought speaks unreservedly to thought, and heart responds to heart. What glories are there discovered of that inner something where abide faith, hope, love and all the graces! What grand and ennobling views of that temple of God, its "everlasting pillars, far-reaching aisles—jeweled pavements," and sacred altars, where bend in calm and holy devotion thousands of true, earnest worshippers, and where earth's weary spirits "fold their wings to rest!"

I know our ascended sister will pardon me for thus giving publicity to the private expression of her thoughts and feelings, for I believe she perceives and approves the motives which prompted.

Your sister in the beautiful faith of human progression, A. F. S.

"Troy, June 9, 1851.

"My dear Sister:— * * * * I am much pleased with your experience through life. It is one which you have great reason to be highly grateful for. It was necessary for your peculiar organization to be thus trained or schooled, in order to produce a result which you yourself must have desired so much. I am confident that through no other channel than that of severe affliction, could my own mind have been brought so easily to the comprehension of the truth of spiritual intercourse. A realizing sense of the necessity for such communion, brought with it the conviction of its existence; for in the providence of God, neither in the moral or the physical world, can there exist a necessity inadequately answered. My mind was ever inclined to spirituality, (I do not speak of this as a virtue—it is natural, and I certainly had no hand in my own formation,) and I can not now see anything more mysterious or unaccountable in the manifestations made by departed Spirits, than I do in the growth of a spire of grass. When I was a child, I asked what makes it grow? No one could tell me then, nor can they now. I know that the sun and rain are required to facilitate its growth, but what do I know of the power which causes these operations in nature? There is mystery enveloping everything, even the commonest, that we behold. A few moment's reflection will show us how shrouded in mystery is the fact that I can communicate these thoughts to you. Yet how few there are who could be argued into the belief that there is anything wonderful in so common an occurrence. It is not my hand that thinks; it is not my head; it is no part of my physical system. The head and hand may, indeed, be the media through which these communications are made, but they are controlled entirely by that subtle principle called the Mind or Spirit, which is perfectly incomprehensible to the wisest of our race. What wonder that this same principle should continue to operate when the present

media have perished? If we make it a rule to reject everything that is mysterious, we may as well begin at once by doubting our own existence.

I was rather pained than flattered, my dear madam, by your earnest appeal for information upon a subject so deeply interesting to the world—pained that I have not the power of imparting to your mind the desired information. My opportunities for witnessing the external of spiritual manifestations have been very limited—insufficient, however, to establish in my own mind the fact that disembodied Spirits do manifest themselves physically. I have few opportunities of conversing, even upon this subject, as there are few here, I believe, who would feel any sympathy with me in the matter. Therefore I say but little about it. I have a creed of my own, which satisfies me, and which does not depend on the opinion of others to render it valid or void.

One thing we should all guard against in this matter, as well as others—that is, *fanaticism*. Many well disposed persons have been deterred from looking into the subject, by the fanatical ravings of a few poorly-balanced and over-wrought minds. We should take everything with perfect calmness, if possible. It seems to me these things form but a regular step in the scale of improvement. However individualized the human mind may seem to be, it is after all but one great mind. Different individuals represent the different faculties of which it is possessed. As fast as the higher and nobler faculties are sufficiently developed to produce a healthy desire for the spiritual, Spirits will respond to the call.

I should be very glad if you would impart to me such information as you may obtain in spiritual affairs. I shall be happy to correspond with you, and answer all letters upon a subject in which I feel so deep an interest.

With respect and affection, I remain your sister in the faith,

E. R. B. WALDO.

Mrs. A. F. STEVENS, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE WEST.

MRS. BRITT, OF ST. LOUIS, IN EVANSVILLE, IND.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

If the following is worthy a place in your paper you are at liberty to use it.

Evansville, Indiana, has been the scene of no little excitement for the last year and a half, upon the subject of Spiritualism. Private circles for "experiments" were formed here some three or four years ago, but they were not conducted with any particular plan of operation in view; but as the truth was developed the circles were made more and more free, and their influence was felt more and more widely. Members of the different churches embraced the truth of Spiritualism as one of the evidences of God's goodness and his provision for man's final redemption from the curse of sin.

As in other places, the note of alarm was sounded. It was feared God would be dethroned and Satan finally reign triumphant. A Presbyterian minister of small calibre, opened his battery upon those who had presumed to dispute the way with him and others. His effort was a dead failure—no notice was taken of it.

Spiritualism still flourished. The circles were attended with more interest than before. The alarm became now more general. Some of the Methodist "brethren" urged their "preacher" to fly to the rescue. Contrary to his own judgment, he took up the bludgeon his predecessor had wielded with so little effect; and after a "flourish of trumpets" he rushed to the battle, and great was the slaughter. He told his interested hearers that he knew little or nothing about Spiritualism. He had "heard the raps, but it was the work of the Devil." He drew a glowing picture of Salem witchcraft—told us King Charles II. touched twelve thousand people in twelve years, who were afflicted with convulsions, healing most of them at once; some, however, required to be touched a second time. Those who were not biased, thought he did much more to prove Spiritualism true, than he did toward its annihilation, while his "flock" saw and heard, as they thought, one of the "masterly efforts" their preacher was in the habit of making.

The Spirits sent by God were not driven from the city. The friends of the cause at once exposed the weakness of the designed-to-be-arguments of this defender of the faith, and the work went on more triumphantly than before. The opponents were defeated; they saw it was useless to attempt to argue a point of which they knew nothing.

But the watchword was given. "Down with Spiritualism," was the cry. An appeal was now made to the prejudices and lower passions of men and women; and there was no want of numbers who stood ready to engage in the dirty work of the vile slanderer. The private character of the two principal mediums was assailed. No falsehood was too vile or foul to be passed from one to another. Dr. Wood, who is the proprietor of a water-cure infirmary, at this place, having become an active laborer on the side of Spiritualism, he having reviewed one of the sermons (!!) before alluded to, also became an object of special hatred. Everything has been done that malice and revenge could suggest, to injure him and his business. But still he and the two mediums, and the friends of the cause, work on. They are not in the least dismayed.

Members of churches are advised not to listen to lectures, or attend the circles. If they presume to do so, they are threatened with excommunication. An inoffensive lady, a member of one of the Presbyterian churches, has been suspended for her "belief in that blasphemous doctrine known as Spiritualism." She has been made the scarecrow for others who may presume to receive the sublime truths revealed to man by our Spirit friends.

But I have now the great pleasure of knowing our cause is yet to

triumph. Mrs. Britt, of St. Louis, Mo., was here a few days ago. She gave eight lectures to crowded houses. The effect has been wonderful. All agree in saying she is a wonderful speaker. Many and multitudes have vent through but few. There are always some minds in which such "Christian virtues" can flourish. But amazement, and a disposition to listen still further have taken possession of many who were before opposed. Some say, after listening to her, if that is Spiritualism, I am a Spiritualist. Others say, so far as the positions she takes are concerned, her arguments are unanswerable. There are those of course who make a show of fight. One Presbyterian minister asks: "What is to become of theology if Spirits are to interpret the Bible?" Another one asks: "What are we to do, who have made the Bible our study, if mediums are to do the preaching?" I understand another of the Presbyterian clergymen is going to review her, and what Dr. Wood has said in his lectures, and what he has written. If he does it he will only have that one more act of his life to regret in the future. He has just published a work of seven lectures, on the coming of Millennium, of which he will be ashamed should he live ten years longer. He predicts the Millennium will be upon us in 1868, ten years hence. God grant it may. We are ready for the work. Mrs. Britt has done much for us, for which she has the unfeigned thanks of all the friends of the cause, and their prayers that God will enable her to go on in her labor of love to fallen humanity. Let the friends of the cause everywhere listen to her, and get others to do so when they have opportunity. As a medium she has no superior, and few equals. Her power of eloquence at times secures a breathless silence, or at least such was the effect here. We were denied the use of a common concert hall here, for her lectures on Sabbath and Sabbath evening; we were therefore compelled, like those of old, to go to the market-place. Here she drew an immense audience, and notwithstanding it was at the market house, the utmost good order prevailed. The refusal of the hall secured us the aid and sympathy of many who before had opposed us. Such acts of injustice always recoil upon their perpetrators.

The friends of the cause are more than anxious that others who are popular mediums, should follow Mrs. Britt in her labors in this city, and a harvest is ripe; the people will listen; much of the prejudice that existed before Mrs. B. came here, has been removed, and all that is now wanting is the laborers. God grant they may come.

Yours truly,

A. LOCKER-ON.

The author of the above sends his name as a voucher of good faith.

NOTES BY AN ITINERANT. No. 2.

New LEXINGTON, July 27, 1856.

As I promised, I will now proceed to give a more internal sketch of the Shakers, than what I have already given. * * * I will describe a Shaker meeting which I attended.

The meeting took place in a grove, a chosen spot, which forcibly reminded one of Bryant's celebrated poem, "God's first temple." Large oaks grew even in the inclosure, and the clear sky formed the dome. They "marched" out from their habitations four deep, side by side, the brethren by themselves and the sisters by themselves, preceded by a band of singers. Several songs were sung on the way, among which I gathered these words:

"O may humble contrition in me find a place,
And lowly repentance pour tears on my face," etc.

The probity of the Shakers, their evident sincerity before God, their self-sacrificing spirit—these gave impressiveness to the song, and I wished in my heart that the whole race could participate in its spirit. Oh, how little even Spiritualists feel of humble dependence on God! But it is an important question, that of our relation to God, and of the true means of perfecting it. Swedenborg has some excellent thoughts on the subject in his "True Christian Religion," in the part where he treats on the matter of contrition and repentance.

When the company reached the spot, they united in singing a hymn, commencing:

"Oh! our holy, heavenly Father,
Low in reverence now we meet,
In thy holy sanctuary,
Bow before thy mercy seat;
With an offering of thanksgiving,
We present ourselves to thee.
Hear us Lord in love and charity."

I need scarcely add that it was a beautiful scene—a solemn scene. But "solemnity" is not, I believe, the true Shaker's common sense of feeling, if I understand them right. They believe in cheerfulness and simplicity, especially. I am often reminded of Swedenborg in contemplating the Shakers in this respect, who, as a late author remarks, "reveals more spiritual truth in his writings than can be found elsewhere." But the Shakers are not easily disposed of, I find the more internal my acquaintance with them becomes; and the great Swede I no longer view as I once did, for he evidently neither founded, nor was it his province to found, a church. He is a character *sui generis*.

Although it was as early as ten o'clock at least when the meeting assembled, it was four when they commenced their march back to the village; and so the day and the meeting ended. They returned to their habitations, and I returned to the "Stranger's House." The Shakers are simple in their lives and in their social habits. In conclusion, their Spiritualism has the especial feature of the necessity of "crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts, in order to progression."

Well, I have been in the "work of Spiritualism" from its commencement, and had read Swedenborg before; but in considering the Shakers I am obliged to pause. God existed before "the Spirits;" and I distrust that philosophy that ignores His providence.

Fraternally,

BENJAMIN GRAYES.

Interesting Miscellany.

JUDGE NOT.

"JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

MATTHEW 7:2

Judge not—the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou cannot not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar—brought from some well won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look—the air—that thro' thy sight,
May be a token—that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight.

With some internal fiery foe,
Whose glance would search thy smiling grace,
And out thee, shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise,
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it—that he may rise
And take a fonder, surer stand;
Or trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge some lost—but wait and see,
With hopeful pity—not disdain—
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain;
And Love and Glory, that may raise
The soul to God, in after days!

—Household Words.

A SAND STORM.—The editor of the *Placerville (Cal.) American* gives the following description of a sand storm which he witnessed in the Humboldt river valley, while on a recent journey across the plains: "The sun was scorching hot; not a cloud was visible, nor was there a breath of air stirring; and we were all oppressed with extreme lassitude and fatigue, and stirred not, as we feared no storm; for should rain come upon us it would be but a God-send. But at this moment we heard the rumbling of distant thunder, and presently a dark, bird, rather than a black cloud, was seen rising over the summit of the Humboldt mountains, eight or ten miles to the south-east, and immediately thereafter, like a great arch of half red molten iron, it had spanned the entire eastern horizon. It appeared, what it proved to be—a storm-cloud. Occasional flashes of lightning were seen, but very little thunder was heard. Soon a heavy continuous roar, like a gale of wind upon a forest, became audible, and in less time than it has taken to read this description were the clouds nearly over our heads, the mountains completely hidden from our view, and a roaring storm of some kind almost upon us. We as hastily as possible put our wagons and camp equipment in position to receive it; our frightened animals had all rushed into camp, and immediately it struck us; a storm of wind and sand from the great American Desert, but without one drop of rain. The sand-dust completely darkened the air, and penetrated every possible place about our tents and wagons where air could circulate. For a half hour or more a sharp, prickling sensation was felt upon the backs of the hands and upon the face, with an irresistible desire to remove with the fingers something that seemed to be upon the face, producing a sensation as though spider webs were being drawn over it. We attributed this to electrical agency, perhaps properly; for during the storm the needle of a pocket compass cut up all manner of antics, and ranged to every point as well as north and south."

THE UPRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.—The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveler strikes his flint at the wall of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity itself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence to the present day. The columns of Persepolis are moldering into the dust; but its columns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun, at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountains sparkle as freely in his rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save mounds of crumbling brickwork; but the Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither palace nor temple, but some vast reservoir. And if the light of any name should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the glory which outlives all other, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to its work something of its own immortality.

GRIMALDI'S FATEFULNESS.—Grimaldi had a profound dread of the fourteenth day of the month. At its approach, he was nervous and disquieted; directly it had passed he was another man again, and invariably exclaimed in his broken English, "Ah! now I am safe for another month." Yet he at length died on the fourteenth of March. He was born, christened, and married, on the fourteenth of the month.

NIGHT SCENE IN A YOUNG LADY'S BED-CHAMBER.—Last Tuesday night, which will be remembered as one of the warmest of the season, a young lady at the "West End" was excessively frightened at a little circumstance which transpired about the hour of midnight. The young lady, whose beauty is only equaled by her modesty, and whose "eye's dark charm" has caused more than one valiant to palpitate, had retired to her chamber, where, after laying aside the greater portion of her wearing apparel, she committed herself to the tender embrace of Morpheus, whose soothing influences were aided by the cooling breath of Zephyr, who came in at the open window and fanned her cheeks with his feathery wings. In a word, she was sleeping soundly—or, to use the language of a modern bard—

"Sleep on her velvet eyelids lightly pressed,
And dreamy slights unheeded her snowy breast,
While slumbers, through her window softly creeping,
Stole to her couch and trembling there stood peeping."

It was, as we said, about midnight when the young lady was roused from her delicious slumber by hearing a noise at the window. Half-awakening her eyes, she was startled by the sight of a corpulent form, apparently struggling to gain admission to her chamber through the open window. It struck her at once that the intruder had been caught by the rear of his unmentionables, by a nail or some other sharp instrument, as he seemed to be struggling with a stern determination to enter. Her first thought was to faint—her second, to give the fellow a push—her third, to jump out of the window as soon as he jumped in—her fourth, to scream, which she immediately carried into effect. The whistle of the locomotive on the Iron Mountain road, when it gave its first start on the Fourth of July, was but a whisper to the screams of the young lady. The whole house, and half the neighborhood, were awakened by the outcry. The old folks, two female servants, and two big brothers, rushed to the rescue, and brooms, mops, and broom-jacks flashed in the gaudlight, as the household entered the chamber of the frightened beauty. An examination of the figure in the window dispelled the fears of all, and changed the screams of the young lady into shouts of laughter. The imaginary "fat man" was only her own darling *hoped shirt*, which she had hung on a hook near the window, and which the wind had inflated and set in motion. There was no more sleeping in the house that night.—*St. Louis Herald.*

PENSIVE ADMIRERS PREFERRED BY THE LADIES.—I have remarked that the generality of my sex prefer those of the other sex who are of a grave and sentimental turn, provided always that the gravity does not proceed from dullness, but from a reflecting cast of mind, which increases their respect, while it adds to the interest they experience. I have known a pale face and pensive manner make impressions on female hearts that had successfully resisted the attacks of ruddy countenances and exulting gaiety; the possessors of these *agony-eyes* being more calculated to amuse than interest, are rarely remembered when absent. Women seldom forget the man who makes them sigh; but rarely recur to him who has excited their mirth, even though a brilliant wit may have been displayed in his *bon mots* and good stories. He, therefore, who would captivate the fastidious taste of *la belle sex*, must eschew too frequent smiles, though he may have fine teeth, and must likewise avoid occasioning or promoting the exhibition of those pearly ornaments if he wishes permanently to please.—*Lady Blessington's Confession.*

TITLES OF FIRMS.—One of the best titles for a mercantile firm we have ever seen is "Call & Settle," which is painted in golden letters on a sign in one of our eastern cities. Customers are reminded every time they pass, of their outstanding accounts. "Neal & Pray" is the name of another firm. But the following "beats all." "Two attorneys," says an old newspaper, "in partnership in a town in the United States, had the name of the firm, which was 'Catchem & Chetum,' inscribed in the usual manner upon their office door; but as the singularity and ominous juxtaposition of the words led to many a coarse joke from passers-by, the men of law attempted to destroy, in part, the effect of the old association, by the insertion of the initials of their Christian names, which happened to be Ishak and Uriah; but this made the affair ten times worse, for the inscription ran: 'I. Catchem & U. Chetum!'"

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.—An attempt by a husband at Zerehdun to poison his wife, has resulted providentially for the intended victim, but fatally to the author of the crime. The assassin (says a letter from the Hague, in the *Brussels Independent*) seized a moment at dinner, when the wife was absent, to throw poison into her plate. The woman had no sooner returned than the husband, on some frivolous pretext, left the room. The wife was about to resume her meal, when she perceived a spider fall from the ceiling into her plate. She took the insect out, but a whim, not difficult to understand, decided her to change her plate for that of her husband. The poisoner, returning in a minute or two, ate the food and some hours afterward expired in agony, but not before making a complete avowal of his crime.

BEES AND QUAILS.—The Rev. A. H. Milburn, in a lecture on the West, says: "Two remarkable facts are to be noted in respect to the advancement of the whites. The first is: the quail, which is unknown to the Indians, makes its appearance whence, no man knows—when the white man plows and plants his fields, affording an abundance of delicious food to the pioneers. The second fact is: the honey bee is not to be found in the country while in possession of the Indians. It keeps just in advance of the advancing wave of civilization. When the Indians see swarms of these new visitors, their wise men sadly acknowledge that it is time for them to abandon their hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers, and seek new homes."

THE DAILY LOVE OF MILTON.—In his mode of living, Milton, as might be anticipated, was moderate and temperate. As his meals, he never took wine or any other fermented liquor, and he was not fastidious in his food; yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined. His other senses, and he had a preference for such stands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years, he used to sit up late at his studies, and perhaps he continued this practice while his sight was good; but in his latter years, he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in the morning, and still five in winter; if not beyond that time, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read to him; and then, with of course the intervention of breakfast, he studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour, (generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself,) and afterward played on the organ or the bass viol, and either sang himself or made his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice, but no ear. He then resumed his studies till six, from which hour till eight he conversed with those who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water, after which he retired to rest.—*Knights of Milton.*

A GREAT COUNTRY FOR A LAZY MAN.—Dr. McEwen, in his lecture on Nicaragua, on Monday night, drew a picture of what could be done in that country by a man who was not disposed to lose time in labor, and yet wished to live independently. The government gave him two hundred and eighty acres of land, and the first necessity was for a house. This want was quickly supplied by the piling of four posts upright in the ground, the spaces between which were filled with the common cane, which grew in abundance around, and then plastering with mud. The roof was then thatched with grass, and the house was thus completed. Little furniture was needed, a hammock answering all the purposes of a bed and seat, and almost any kind of earthen vessel would answer to cook in. The next care was to plant about a dozen banana or plantain trees, which needed no further care, and to plant a few yams, which, if properly placed, would yield enormously. The common fripple and Lima beans would grow with the yams as well as other vegetables, and the native fruits of the country were almost indigenous. The plantain and yams would yield more than enough for the subsistence of an entire family, and game of every variety could be shot almost from the door of the house. The climate was such as to render little or no clothing absolutely necessary, and thus, with one month's labor, a man can fix himself comfortably a year. Isn't that the country for a lazy man?—*New Orleans Picayune.*

WHITE PAPER ROOK REELS.—It is pretty generally known that paper can be manufactured from almost every kind of fibrous vegetable matter, and that the expense of the process is in most cases the only obstacle to their adoption. The *Townsend Advocate*, (Maryland) of the 14th ult., was printed on paper slightly tinged with yellow, but with a very good surface, which it announces was made entirely from the species of cane generally used for fishing-rods. It was made by Mr. H. Lowe, at Whitehall, in that State, who has invented a new process for preparing it. The whole question hinges on the cost—can the finished article be produced at a lower cost than the same quality from rags? If so, the process is of immense importance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FAULTS.—It is a fine remark of Fenelon, "Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with others." We can not do it all at once; but by constant pruning away of little faults, and cultivating humble virtues, we shall grow toward perfection. This simple rule—not to be discouraged at slow progress, but to persevere, overcoming evil habits one by one, such as sloth, negligence or bad temper; and adding one endurance after another, to faith, virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity—will conduct the slowest Christian at last to high religious attainments.

PAPAL DOGGERY.—An English lady lately lost a daughter at Rome, and on the tomb—which was in the English Protestant Cemetery—she wished to have the verse from St. Matthew, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," inscribed; but it appears that some officer connected with the censorship entered the workshop of the stonary who was working at the tomb, and forbade him inscribing more than the first half of the verse, as he said it was neither right nor just that heretics should see the Lord.

ORGANS OF CORRECTIVENESS.—During the Dorr war in Rhode Island a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west corner of the State. "Mr. Speaker," says he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to organizing the army, as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the revolution with nothing but a drum and fife, and come off first best too! I go a gin organ. They'll be dreadful handy things in battle now I tell you." This was irresistible, and old "Aunt Rhody's army" remains unorganized to this day.

A SPORTING YOUNG LADY SAYS.—"If the course of true love never does run smooth," why don't they water it, and roll it regularly so many hours a day, until they get the course so smooth that any donkey could run upon it?"

THE SUN IS LIKE GOD, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars like the human soul, for all their glory comes from the sun.—*Jean Paul.*

A LITTLE GIRL, five years old, asked a younger sister to spell "cat." "I can't do it," she replied. "Well, then," said the elder, "spell kitten?"